

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### ELEANOR FAIRLOW IS DEAD

I had not had time to say anything to my little nurse and after Jim and Dick went away I looked at her inquiringly. She did not say anything and I decided that she had not yet made up her mind. I thought long about what both Jim and Dick had said and again Dick's changed expression rose before me.

I compared Dick as he looked tonight with the Dick I had known up to that time, and decided they were very different.

Was the comfort and the affection and the content of married life coming to me just when I was not going to be able to take them?

I—who had always believed so implicitly in the law of compensation—tried to think what I had done to merit this terrible illness of both mind and body. True, some might say I had taken Dick from Eleanor Fairlow when he had married me instead of her, but you see, little book, I did not know there was an Eleanor Fairlow until after I had married Dick. And just here, as though I had called her from oblivion by my thoughts of her, I was handed a telegram. It read:

"Eleanor died this morning from appendicitis. She has not been well since she came to me and her last words were: 'I am glad to go.' Will write particulars. Notify her friends.—Mrs. Caroline Hume."

Poor Eleanor! Her lot was not a very happy one and she certainly paid for all her sins, all her follies, all her mistakes.

"How shall I tell this to Dick?" I asked myself. Eleanor must have asked me to have the telegram sent me.

Truly, little book, I did not feel able to tell the news to Dick. I floundered about in my mind for a plan. At last I decided to call up Pat and let him announce it through the paper.

My little nurse got Pat on the wire and he answered by "Hello" with a shade of apprehension. "I have some bad news for you, Pat."

"What is it, Margie? Aren't you getting on as well as you expected?"

"Oh, it is not about me. I have just received word that Eleanor Fairlow is dead; died very suddenly of appendicitis. I thought you might write a little not about it for the paper, so that her friends might know about it."

"But, Margie, I did not know her very well. Won't you, or if you do not feel able, won't Dick write the notice?"

A little cold chill ran down my spine and for a moment I forgot the ache that was always there.

"I'll write it, Pat," I said. "Send a boy over for it in a half hour."

This morning this little notice appeared in *The Daily* —:

"The many friends of Miss Eleanor Fairlow will be shocked as well as grieved to hear of her sudden death in Chicago yesterday. Miss Fairlow had not been well for some time and had given up her training as nurse just when she was about to be graduated.

"She was visiting a friend of her mother at the time of her demise.

"No young woman in the city was any more popular than Eleanor Fairlow when she suddenly gave up society four years ago and entered the

hospital with the avowed intention of becoming a trained nurse. Endowed with rare beauty and clever mind and a most sympathetic nature, her friends at that time deplored her giving up the position she might occupy for such arduous work. Their fears were justified, for hospital training proved too much for her and she had to give it up at last.

"She will be missed more than most, for her friends were many. It is very probable that she will be laid